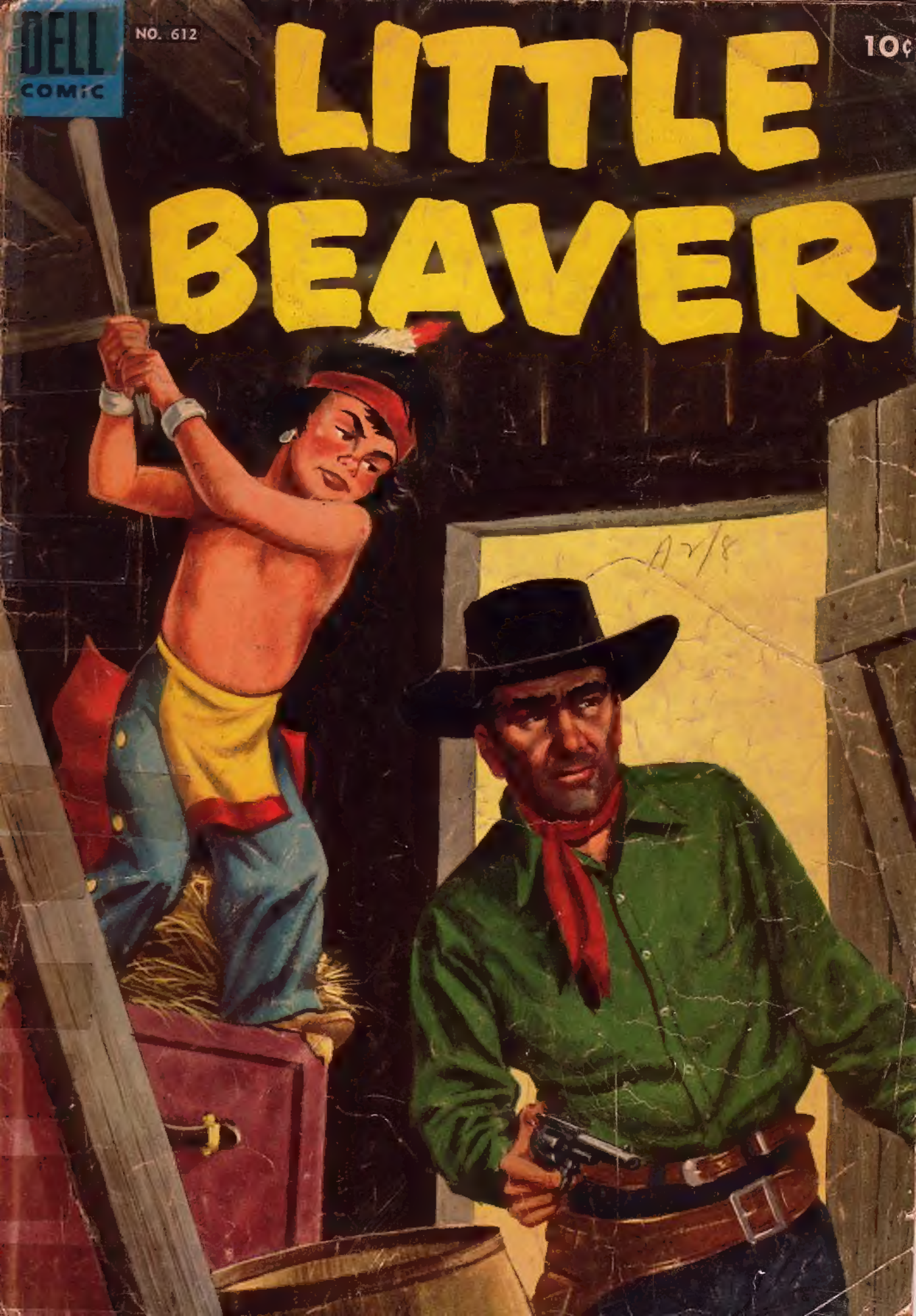

DELL
COMIC
NO. 612
10¢
LITTLE
BEAVER

THUMBNAIL WESTERNS

LITTLE KNOWN FACTS ABOUT THE WEST

NOTHING IS MORE SYMBOLIC OF THE OLD WEST THAN THE BUFFALO. HOWEVER, THE BUFFALO'S HABITAT WAS NOT CONFINED TO THE WEST, BUT REACHED INTO THE FORESTS OF THE EAST. THE EASTERN BUFFALO WAS SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT FROM THE WESTERN VARIETY, SO COMMONLY KNOWN. THE PENNSYLVANIAN BUFFALO WAS BLACK AND MUCH LARGER THAN THE MEDIUM-SIZED, LIGHTER-COLORED PLAINS BUFFALO. OTHER VARIETIES WERE THE LARGE WOOD BUFFALO THAT RANGED IN THE NORTH, WHILE IN THE ROCKIES WAS FOUND THE SMALL DARK MOUNTAIN TYPE. AFTER THE APPEARANCE OF DOMESTIC CATTLE ON THE PLAINS, STILL ANOTHER VARIETY OF BUFFALO EMERGED IN VERY LIMITED NUMBERS. IT WAS A CROSS BETWEEN COW AND BUFFALO AND WAS CALLED A "CATALO." SCARCEST OF ALL WAS THE WHITE-COATED AND PINK-EYED ALBINO BUFFALOES, ONLY ONE OF WHICH WAS BORN AMONG TWO MILLION CALVES! ONE ALBINO LIVES TODAY IN THE FLATHEAD VALLEY OF MONTANA. HE IS CALLED "BIG MEDICINE," AND IS HELD SACRED BY THE INDIANS, AS WERE THOSE BEFORE HIM. INDIAN BUFFALO HUNTERS AMONG THE PLAINS TRIBES SOMETIMES RESORTED TO A HIGHLY DANGEROUS METHOD OF KILLING A BUFFALO, TO DEMONSTRATE THEIR HUNTING PROWESS AND BRAVERY. WITH A KNIFE GRIPPED IN HIS TEETH, THE HUNTER WOULD LEAP FROM HIS HUNTING PONY ONTO THE BACK OF A BUFFALO AND, CLINGING THERE, WOULD DISPATCH THE ANGRY BEAST WITH A FEW WELL-PLACED KNIFE STROKES. SOMETIMES THE WOUNDED BUFFALO'S INCREDIBLE ENDURANCE WOULD CARRY ITSELF AND THE INDIAN HUNTER INTO THE THUNDERING HERD, WHERE BOTH WOULD OFTEN FALL UNDER THOUSANDS OF HOOFS.

A CATALO

LITTLE BEAVER, No. 612. Published by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-President; Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-President. Single copies, 10 cents. Copyright, 1954, by Stephen Slesinger. All rights reserved. Printed in U. S. A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co., by arrangement with the Hawley Publications, Incorporated.

LITTLE BEAVER
in
The Renegades
WHY CHIEF WHITE CLOUD CALL-UM COUNCIL TODAY, LITTLE BEAVER?
SCOUTS TELL CHIEF THAT RENEGADE BAND OF PAIUTES MAKE-UM CAMP NEARBY!
FRED HARMAN
THERE BE LONG FEUD BETWEEN PAIUTE CHIEF, BEAR TAIL, AND NAVAJOS OVER GRAZING LAND!
OUR CHIEF THINK MAYBE PAIUTES COME TO TAKE LAND AWAY FROM US!
THAT MEAN HEAP TROUBLE FOR NAVAJOS!
HA!! COME BACK, BLACK BART!
LOOK! HIM FLY OVER FOR VISIT WITH GRANDMA SNAP TURTLE!
UGH! SHE NOT LIKE-UM PET CROW!
L.B.O.S #612-551
CAW! CAW!
SHOO! GET-UM WAY FROM HERE!

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

OHHH! MY BLANKET!
CAW!
HURRY, RED HORSE! BLACK BART HEAD-UM FOR CHIEF'S COUNCIL!
CAW! CAW!
HO-HU!
O-O-OOF!
BLACK BART! STOP-UM!
ME THINK HIM NOT HEAR YOU, LITTLE BEAVER!
UGH! HIM BE JUST LIKE LITTLE PAPOOSE--ONLY HEAR-UM WHEN HIM WANT TO!
CAW! CAW!
EE-YA!

ME CATCH-UM BLACK BART NOW!
YOU CATCH-UM SOMETHING ELSE PRETTY SOON!
WE HEAP SORRY, GRANDMA SNAP TURTLE! BLACK BART NOT MEAN TO MAKE-UM TROUBLE!
THAT BE WHAT YOU SAY LAST TIME!
IF PAIUTES COME TO VILLAGE, WE HAVE-UM 'NOUGH TO WORRY ABOUT BESIDE TROUBLE-BIRD!
YOU TAKE-UM INTO FOREST AND LOSE-UM!
BUT BLACK BART BE SMART LIKE HOMING PIGEON! HIM FIND-UM WAY BACK TO VILLAGE!
IF HIM FIND-UM WAY HOME, HIM FIND-UM SELF IN COOK POT PLENTY FAST!
ME NOT LIKE TO SEND YOU AWAY, BLACK BART! BUT ME NOT LIKE TO SEE YOU IN GRANDMA'S FRY-UM PAN EITHER!

LATER...
MAYBE SHE LET YOU COME BACK IF ME TELL HER YOU PROMISE TO BE GOOD!
HOLA! WE NOT BE ALONE IN WOODS!
CRACK!
UGH! THAT BE CHIEF BEAR TAIL AND PAIUTE WAR PARTY! THEY TAKE-UM TRAIL TO NAVAJO VILLAGE!
WE BE IN PLENTY HOT WATER IF THEY SEE US! BETTER KEEP-UM HUSH-QUIET FOR 'WHILE!
OH-AH! NOW THEY CATCH-UM US FOR SURE!
CAW!
CAW!

YAH'EH-TAH! WHAT MAKE-UM STRANGE NOISE?
ME HEAR-UM, TOO!
CAW! CAW!
BEAR TAIL! LOOK! NAVAJO TENNEH SPY ON US!
BLAM!
YAI! PAIUTES NOT LIKE NAVAJO SNOOP-UMS!
MAYBE THEY NOT FIND US IN HOLLOW TREE!
UNAWARE OF LITTLE BEAVER'S HIDING PLACE, THE PAIUTES PASS QUICKLY BY!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
THAT BE PLENTY CLOSE SHAVE, BLACK BART!

NOW BAD INJUNS MAKE-UM FAST TRACKS TO NAVAJO VILLAGE!

AND THERE BE NO WAY TO WARN-UM CHIEF WHITE CLOUD!
CAW!

HOLA! MAYBE THERE BE WAY, AFTER ALL!

BLACK BART CARRY PLENTY MESSAGES WHEN WE PLAY-UM SOLDIER GAME WITH RED HORSE! NOW HIM GET CHANCE TO BE REAL HERO, YOU BETCH-UM!

ME NOT HAVE-UM STRING TO TIE BARK WITH, BUT ME THINK TREE GUM HOLD-UM TOGETHER!

NOW MAKE-UM HEAP FLAP-FLAP, BLACK BART! TAKE MESSAGE TO RED HORSE!
CAW! CAW!

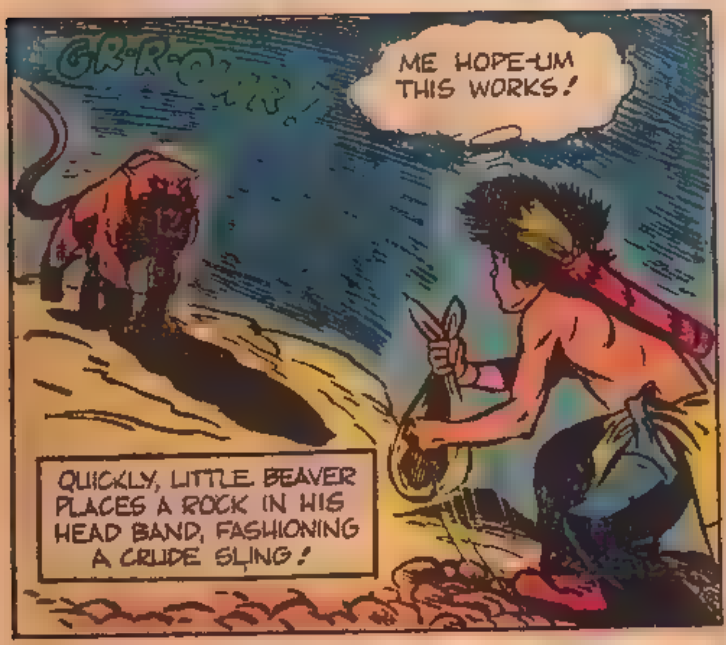
UGH! THIS BE ONE TIME ME HOPE HIM NOT LOSE-UM WAY!
SHORTLY, AT THE NAVAJO VILLAGE...
LOOK! BLACK BART COME BACK TO VILLAGE! BUT WHERE BE LITTLE BEAVER?
ME NOT KNOW!
BUT HIM BE SORRY HIM NOT MIND-UM ME!
WAIT! THERE BE SOMETHING ON BLACK BART'S LEG!
CAW! CAW!
AI-EE! LITTLE BEAVER SEND-UM MESSAGE! HE SAY PAIUTE WAR PARTY COME THIS WAY!
WE HURRY UP AND TELL-UM CHIEF WHITE CLOUD!
NO! THIS BE MORE OF LITTLE BEAVER'S JOKES! CHIEF ONLY LAUGH AT US!
BUT LITTLE BEAVER NOT JOKE ABOUT THIS!
AH-TAH-VEE!

PAIUTES RIDE WEAP FAST TOWARD VILLAGE! THEY HAVE-UM MANY GUNS!
LITTLE BEAVER BE RIGHT! NOW ENEMY CATCH US BY SURPRISE!
MOMENTS LATER...
WAGH-TU!
YAI!
BLAM!
BLAM! BLAM!
BING!
EE-YAH!
BEAR TAIL! WHY YOU BRING TROUBLE TO MY PEOPLE?
NAVAJOS TURN GREAT HUNTING GROUNDS INTO GRAZING LAND FOR SHEEP! NOW WE CLAIM THAT LAND FOR OUR OWN!
BUT GREAT WHITE FATHER GIVE LAND TO US! YOU NEVER TAKE AWAY AS LONG AS I LIVE!

SLAM!
O-O-OOF!
WE NOT WANT TROUBLE, WHITE CLOUD! NO HARM WILL COME TO YOU OR YOUR PEOPLE IF YOU LEAVE VILLAGE AT SUNRISE!
LATER ..
ME NOT ABLE TO WARN-UM VILLAGE IN TIME! ALREADY PAIUTES START VICTORY DANCE!
CRACK!
OH! ME HEAR-UM SOMEONE COME!
IT ONLY BE PAIUTE SQUAW ON WAY TO GET-UM WATER FROM SPRING!
YA! SHE NOT SEE-UM MOUNTAIN LION! AND HIM HAVE HUNGRY LOOK IN EYES!

LOOK-UM OUT!
EE-YA!

GRRK
CH-H-H
NOW MOUNTAIN LION MAKE-UM HUNGRY LOOK AT ME!


GR-R-R
ME HOPE-UM THIS WORKS!
QUICKLY, LITTLE BEAVER PLACES A ROCK IN HIS HEAD BAND, FASHIONING A CRUDE SLING!

HO! THAT STOP-UM FOR GOOD!
ZING!

AIE! ME SLIP ON LOOSE ROCKS!

YEE-OWWW!

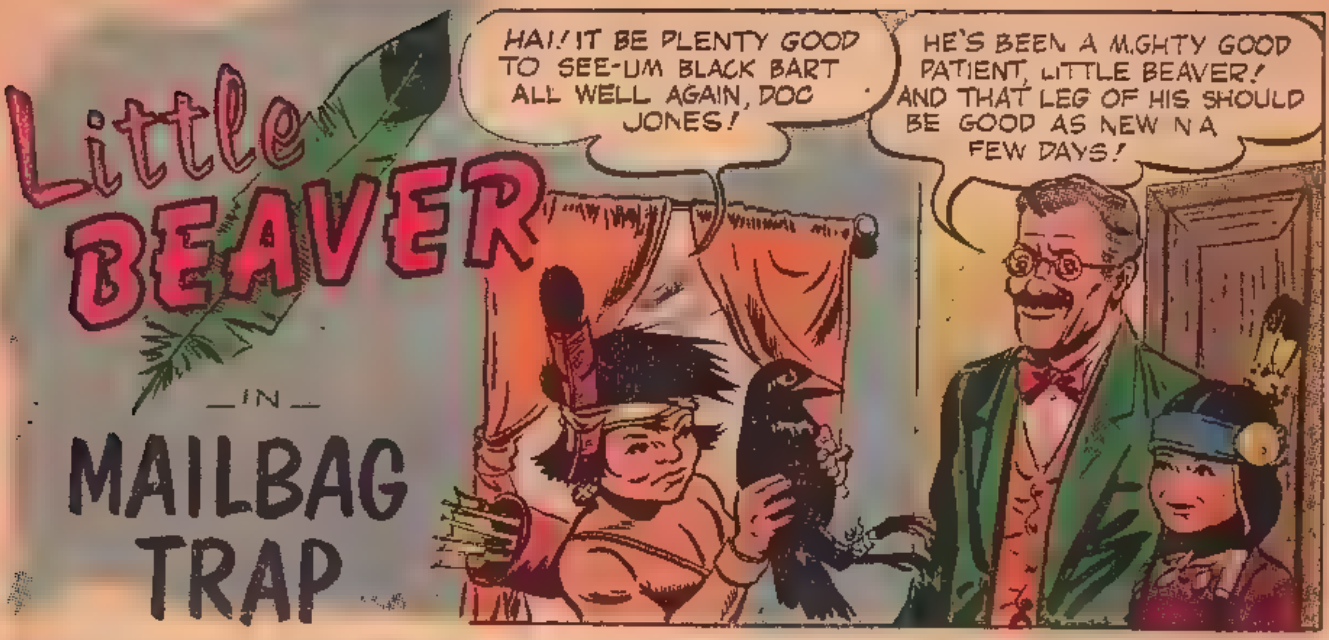
UGH!
UMPH!
SO! NAVAJO TENNEH TRY TO KILL GREAT CHIEF BEAR TAIL!
ME ONLY FALL DOWN BLUFF!
SILENCE! FOR THIS WE GIVE-UM GREATEST PUNISHMENT OF ALL!
SOON...
THIS BE LESSON TO ALL NAVAJOS! DEATH COMES TO THOSE WHO THREATEN LIFE OF BRAVE PAIUTE CHIEF!
HO-TU!
WAGH! THIS BE END FOR SURE!
STOP!
OHH! WHAT WE DO TO STOP-UM PAIUTE, GRANDMA SNAP TURTLE?
IT TOO LATE NOW!

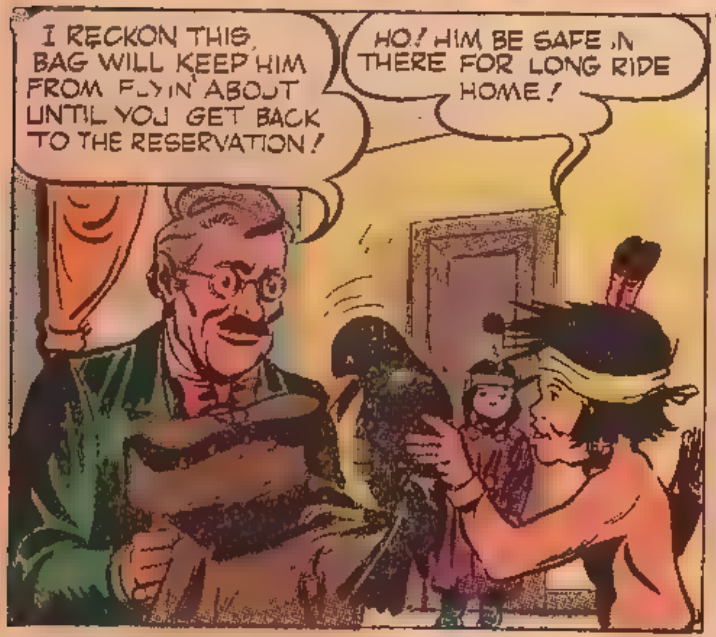
LOOK! IT BE BEAR TAIL'S SQUAW!
TOMAH! WHY YOU COME HERE?
ME NOT LET YOU DO THIS! NAVAJO TENNEH SAVE-UM MY LIFE! YOU SET LITTLE BRAVE FREE!
IF THAT BE TRUE, IT MAKE-UM US BROTHERS!
IT BE LAW OF GREAT SPIRIT!
THAT RIGHT! AND THAT MEAN LITTLE BRAVE'S PEOPLE BE YOUR BROTHERS, TOO!
UGH! ME NOT LIKE-UM THIS! HOW WE TAKE NAVAJO'S LANDS IF THEY BE OUR BROTHERS?
ME THINK YOU NOT TAKE-UM ANY-THING! PAIUTES AND NAVAJOS BE FRIENDS WHETHER YOU LIKE-UM OR NOT!
SHORTLY...
WE LOOK FOR BLACK BART ALL OVER VILLAGE! MAYBE YOU SEE-UM GRANDMA SNAP TURTLE?
HIM END UP IN COOKPOT LIKE ME TELL YOU!
O-O-O-O-AH!
BUT ME ONLY PUT-UM THERE SO PAIUTES NOT CATCH-UM!
HOLA! BLACK BART NOT FIND-UM SELF IN POT PIE AFTER ALL!
CAW! CAW!
ME THINK HIM BE TOO TOUGH ANYWAY, YOU BETCHUM!

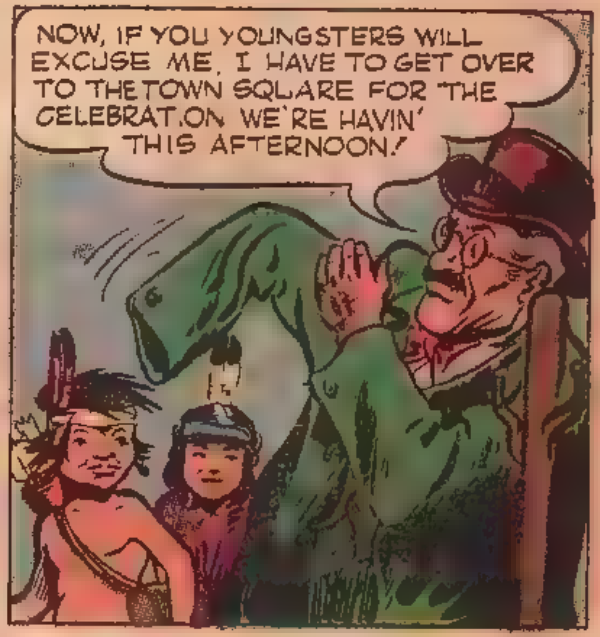
Little BEAVER

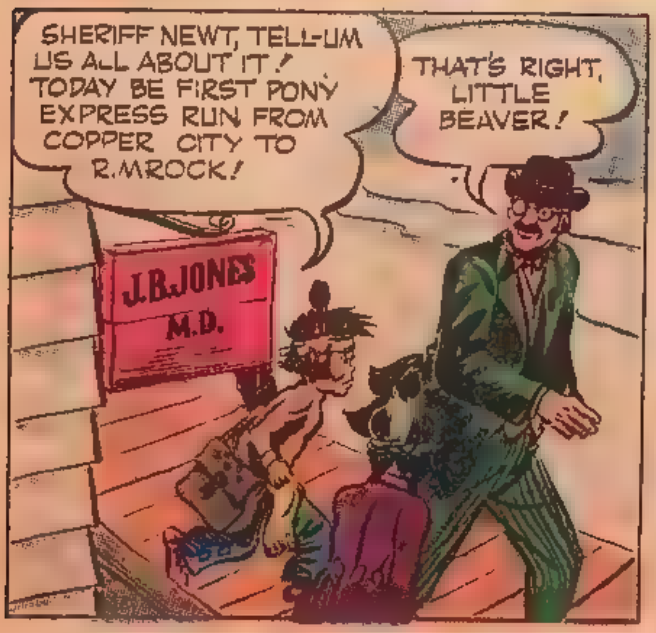
—IN—

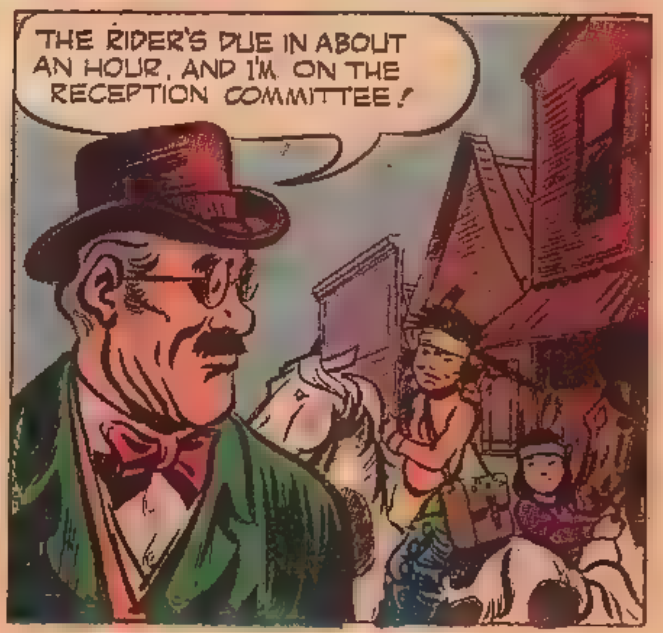
MAILBAG TRAP


HA! IT BE PLENTY GOOD TO SEE-UM BLACK BART ALL WELL AGAIN, DOC JONES!
HE'S BEEN A MIGHTY GOOD PATIENT, LITTLE BEAVER! AND THAT LEG OF HIS SHOULD BE GOOD AS NEW IN A FEW DAYS!


I RECKON THIS BAG WILL KEEP HIM FROM FLYIN' ABOUT UNTIL YOU GET BACK TO THE RESERVATION!
HO! HIM BE SAFE IN THERE FOR LONG RIDE HOME!



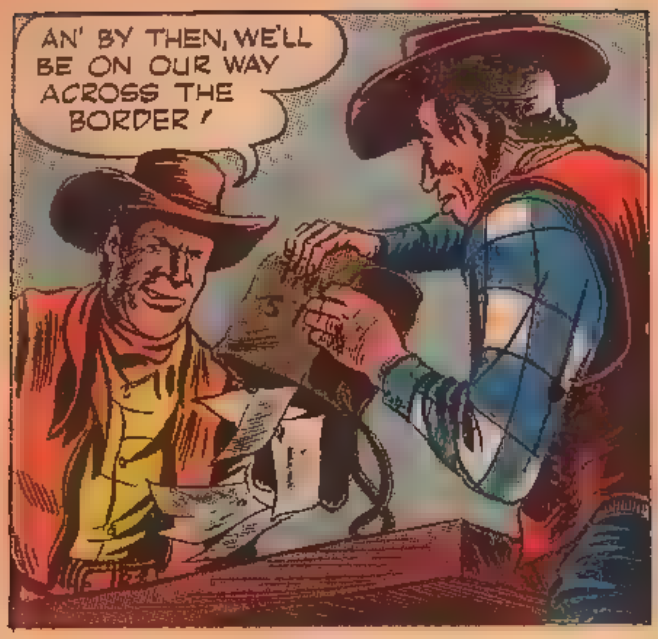

SHERIFF NEWT, TELL-UM US ALL ABOUT IT! TODAY BE FIRST PONY EXPRESS RUN FROM COPPER CITY TO R.M.ROCK!
THAT'S RIGHT, LITTLE BEAVER!
J.B.JONES M.D.

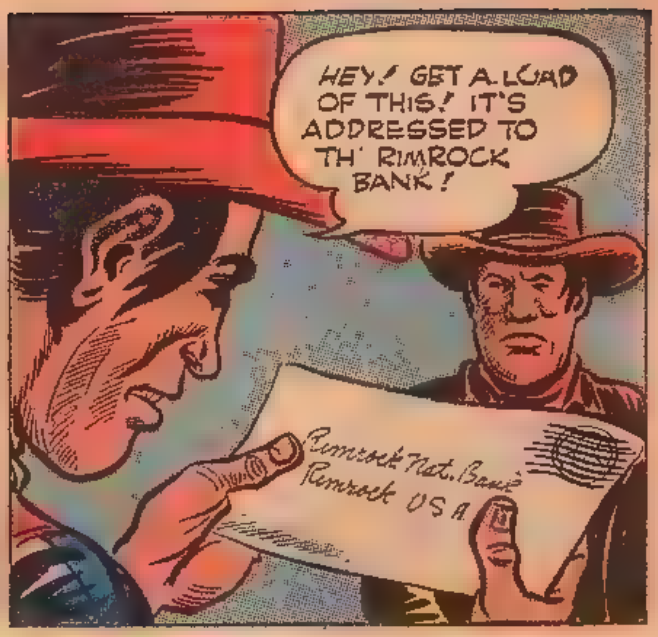


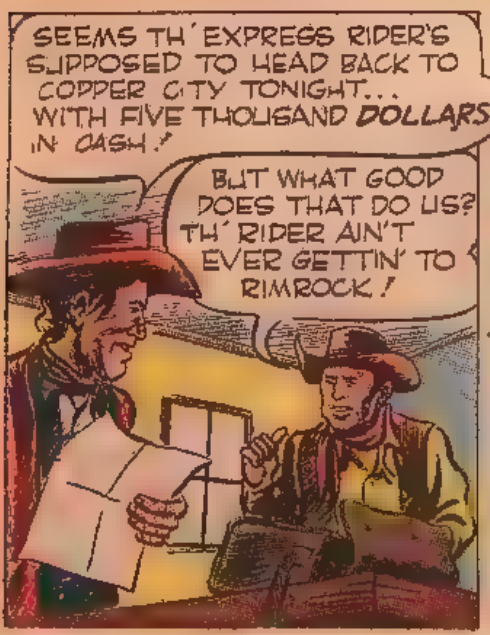
ME SORRY WE GOT TO GET-UM HOME, WE MISS HEAP MUCH EXCITEMENT!
MAYBE WE SEE RIDER ON TRAIL!
SO LONG, KIDS!
LATER...
SOME DAY ME LIKE TO BE PONY EXPRESS RIDER! HAVE-UM HEAP FUN!
YOU WANT-UM FUN ALL TIME, LITTLE BEAVER!
LOOK! THAT BE PONY EXPRESS STATION WHERE RIDERS CHANGE-UM HORSES! WE STOP AND SEE-UM FRIEND, OLD JIM!
BETTER NOT STAY LONG! GRANDMA SNAP TURTLE BE PLENTY WORRIED IF WE NOT GET-UM HOME QUICK!
PONY EXPRESS STATION No 3
LEGGO OF ME, BLAST YOU! YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS!
AI-EE! IT SOUND LIKE OLD JIM BE IN HEAP BAD TROUBLE!
HO! WE MAKE FAST TRACKS TO RIMROCK! GET-UM SHERIFF NEWT!
THERE NOT BE TIME FOR THAT, PO-KO! OLD JIM NEED-UM HELP PLENTY QUICK!

ME HAVE TO SAVE-UM FR END ALL BY MY LONESOME!
YOU GET-UM HANDS HIGH! ME NOT 'FRAID TO SHOOT!
WHAT IN BLAZES...
PO-KO! LITTLE BEAVER!
I WOULDN'T TRY NOTH'N', IF I WAS YOU!
YA! ME NOT SEE-UM SECOND OUTLAW!
AHWAH! WHAT WE DO NOW, LITTLE BEAVER?
YOU'LL DO LIKE I SAY, IF YOU WANNA STAY HEALTHY!
GIMME THAT BOW AN' ARROW!
UGH! ME SORRY, OLD JIM! BIG RESCUE TURN-UM OUT TO BE BIG CAPTURE INSTEAD!
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, LITTLE BEAVER!
I DON'T RECKON THESE OWLHOOTS PLAN TO HARM ANY OF US! THEY'RE MORE INTERESTED IN TH' PONY EXPRESS RIDER!
YOU MEAN THEY BE-UM MAIL ROBBERS?

THAT'S RIGHT! THEY KNOW ABOUT TH' GOLD CERTIFICATES THE RIDER'S CARRYIN'...AND THEY FIGURE ON ROBBIN' HIM WHEN HE STOPS HERE TO CHANGE HORSES!
HE'S COMIN' NOW, BOSS! I CAN SEE HIS DUST ON TH' TRAIL!
I'LL TAKE CARE O' HIM, BRAD! YOU KEEP AN EYE ON THESE KIDS!
HOWDY, MISTER! I HOPE YOU'VE GOT A FAST HORSE THERE! I'VE GOTTA MAKE UP TIME FROM HERE TO RIMROCK!
SAY! WHAT HAPPENED TO OLD JIM? I HEARD HE WAS IN CHARGE OF THIS STATION!
YOU MUSTA HEARD WRONG... I'M TH' NEW TOP MAN HERE...
AN' I'M TAKIN' OVER RIGHT NOW!
OOOF!
HE AIN'T DEAD, IS HE, BOSS?
NAW! HE'S JUST OUT COLD! HE'LL COME AROUND IN A COUPLA HOURS!


AN' BY THEN, WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY ACROSS THE BORDER!

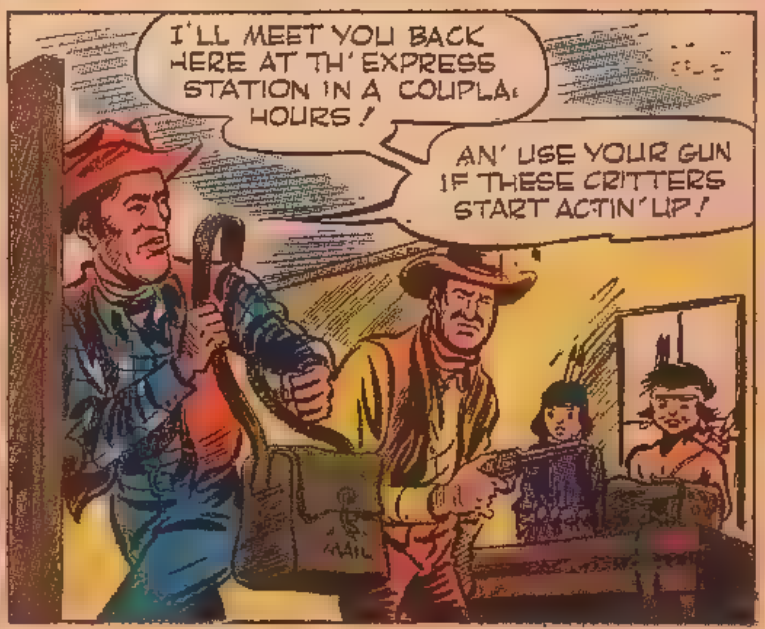

HEY! GET A LOAD OF THIS! IT'S ADDRESSED TO TH' RIMROCK BANK!
Rimrock Nat. Bank
Rimrock USA


SEEMS TH' EXPRESS RIDER'S SUPPOSED TO HEAD BACK TO COPPER CITY TONIGHT... WITH FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS IN CASH!
BUT WHAT GOOD DOES THAT DO US? TH' RIDER AIN'T EVER GETTIN' TO RIMROCK!

NO ONE IN RIMROCK HAS EVER SEEN TH' RIDER BEFORE!

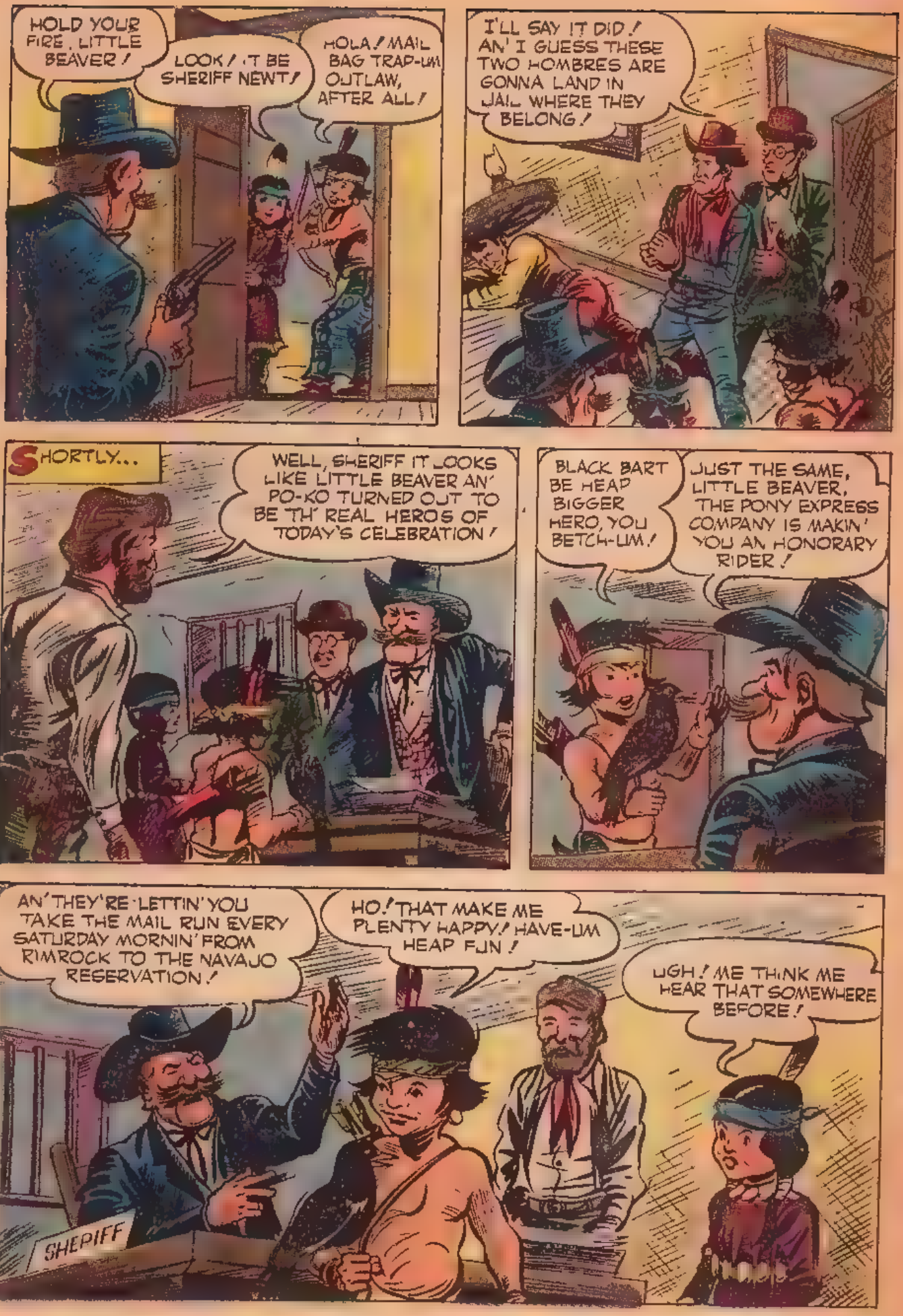
THERE'S NOTH'N' TO STOP ME FROM TAKIN' HIS PLACE AND GETTIN' THAT DOUGH!

UNSEEN BY THE TWO OUTLAWS LITTLE BEAVER SLIPS BLACK BART INTO THE MAIL BAG..


I'LL MEET YOU BACK HERE AT TH' EXPRESS STATION IN A COUPLA HOURS!
AN' USE YOUR GUN IF THESE CRITTERS START ACTIN' UP!
MAIL

LATER...
LOOK! HERE COMES THE PONY EXPRESS RIDER NOW!
IT'S ABOUT TIME! HE'S MORE'N THIRTY MINUTES OFF SCHEDULE!
RIMROCK WELCOMES The Pony Express
WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG, SON?
HAD A LITTLE TROUBLE WITH ONE O' MY HORSES! BUT I FIGURE I CAN MAKE UP TH' TIME ON MY WAY BACK TO COPPER CITY!
MAYBE SO, BUT YOU'RE GONNA HAVE A HEAVIER LOAD THIS TIME! THERE'S A GOOD DEAL OF CASH IN THIS BAG!
WHAT IN BLAZES?
WHY, THAT'S BLACK BART! LITTLE BEAVER'S PET CROW!
AAAWK!
WELL, HOW IN TARNATION DID HE GET N THERE?
DON'T ASK ME, SHERIFF! BUT LITTLE BEAVER WOULDN'T LET THAT BIRD OUT OF HIS SIGHT UNLESS SOMETHIN' WAS WRONG!

I RECKON THE EXPRESS RIDER CAN EXPLAIN IT!
SHERIFF, LOOK! HE'S GETTIN' AWAY!
NOT SO FAST, MISTER! YOU'RE GONNA ANSWER A FEW QUESTIONS!
LEGGO MY HORSE, BLAST YOU!
AN HOUR LATER...
I WONDER WHAT'S TAKIN' ACE SO LONG... HE OUGHTA BE BACK BY NOW!
THERE BE SOMEONE COMING PLENTY FAST DOWN TRAIL!
I RECKON EVERYTHING WORKED OUT JUST AS WE PLANNED!
BUT LITTLE BEAVER STARTS TO UNTIE THE ROPE THAT HOLDS UP THE LAMP FIXTURES...
AND..
ME THINK YOU NOT PLAN THIS!
THUD!
PO-KO! YOU UNTIE OLD JIM! ME FIX-UM OTHER OUTLAW WHEN HIM GET HERE!


HOLD YOUR FIRE, LITTLE BEAVER!
LOOK! 'T BE SHERIFF NEWT!
HOLA! MAIL BAG TRAP-UM OUTLAW, AFTER ALL!
I'LL SAY IT DID! AN' I GUESS THESE TWO HOMBRES ARE GONNA LAND IN JAIL WHERE THEY BELONG!
SHORTLY...
WELL, SHERIFF IT LOOKS LIKE LITTLE BEAVER AN' PO-KO TURNED OUT TO BE TH' REAL HEROS OF TODAY'S CELEBRATION!
BLACK BART BE HEAP BIGGER HERO, YOU BETCH-UM!
JUST THE SAME, LITTLE BEAVER, THE PONY EXPRESS COMPANY IS MAKIN' YOU AN HONORARY RIDER!
AN' THEY'RE LETTIN' YOU TAKE THE MAIL RUN EVERY SATURDAY MORNIN' FROM RIMROCK TO THE NAVAJO RESERVATION!
HO! THAT MAKE ME PLENTY HAPPY! HAVE-UM HEAP FUN!
UGH! ME THINK ME HEAR THAT SOMEWHERE BEFORE!
SHERIFF

The OLD CHIEF'S SACRIFICE

Chief Bear Claw stood proud and erect, watching the last of his Dakota hunting party disappear over a mountain ridge to the west.

Then, slowly, the Chief became increasingly aware of a vague feeling of apprehension, a disturbing premonition of disaster.

This uneasiness, he knew, was nothing more than self-pity, a natural regret at being left behind. The decision to stay, however, had been his own, forced upon him by advancing age and painful rheumatism. Since that decision, he had watched a dozen hunting parties such as this ride over the ridge, and always, as today, he felt the same terrible wave of loneliness.

"It is true," the Chief reminded himself bluntly. "I am growing old, and I must accept the fact!"

He walked slowly on, idly watching a group of youngsters wrestling on the grass at the far end of the village. As he drew nearer, a short, stocky boy, smaller than the rest, jumped to his feet in triumph, and, being the only one standing, announced his victory over the others.

A smile played across the Chief's usually stern face. "Well done, Walking Horse, my grandson!" he murmured to himself. As the Chief stood gazing, his depression returned, stronger than ever.

Suddenly, he whirled and strode quickly to his lodge. A few minutes later, 'Evening Star, the Chief's wife, stood questioningly with the other villagers as they watched their Chief disappear in a cloud of dust toward the eastern mountains. . .

Returning late that afternoon, Chief Bear Claw felt tired, yet refreshed.

He had ridden through the forest, up and down the hills, along the lush valley floor. He had chased a fox, just for the sport, and had watched a doe and her young cavorting in the river. He had dozed in the cool air on a mountaintop, reliving the exciting days of his young manhood. Now, as he returned, he felt he had left behind five years of his old age.

Approaching the village, the old Chieftain sensed an ominous silence, unlike that of the wilderness beyond. Then he smelled smoke.

Breaking out of the forest, he saw it—the charred, blackened, smoking clearing which only hours before, had been a happy, lively Dakota village.

The warring Crows! A sneak attack! A massacre! The village lay deserted and desecrated.

The stricken Chief dismounted and forced himself to search every inch of the devastated area. A few minutes later, he stiffened —a dread realization filling his mind.

Evening Star . . . and Walking Horse . . . They were not among the slain!

This could only mean the Crows meant to have revenge upon him by taking the two nearest his heart, his wife and his only grandson, a torture far worse than any that might have been devised had he himself been captured.

Gripped by a wave of anger, Chief Bear Claw leaped to his horse, and galloped away to the north, following the littered trail of the enemy . . .

Late that night, his hair matted with burrs and dirt, his buckskins torn, and his face gaunt with fatigue, he stepped from the darkness into the circle of light amongst the dancing, screaming Crows.

He stood quietly in the light, straight and tall as a Tamarack, every inch a Chieftain.

The dancers turned, then paused, mouths agape at this strange apparition. The drums stopped. A hush fell.

Chief Bear Claw strode forward, his eyes softening with pain and love at the sight which greeted them. For bound to a large pole set in a pile of dry fagots near the ceremonial campfire were his wife, Evening Star, and grandson, Walking Horse.

The Chief stopped and turned, his eyes now cold and hard. He breathed sternly, "It is I, Bear Claw, Chief of the Dakotas!"

A murmur arose, and the Crows moved threateningly as Bear Claw went on, "I have killed many Crows and I have led my warriors in battles which have claimed the scalps of many more Crows! I am your greatest enemy, the Chief of your most bitter foes, the Dakotas!"

He paused, glaring at the angry painted faces.

"Therefore," he continued, "I have come to offer myself to you. My life is worth much to you, a prize among prizes!"

He pointed at the two ready for sacrifice and raised his voice. "Have the hearts of the mighty Crows turned to water? Have the fearless Crow warriors become squawmen? Do they regard an old woman and a young boy as worthy sacrifices? Spare them, and promise them a safe journey to their own Dakota country, and you may do with me what you will!"

"What is to prevent us from holding all three of you?" a young warrior sneered.

Chief Bear Claw jerked a knife from his belt and held its point against his chest. "If you refuse," he said quietly, "I shall die at once, by my own hand—and you will be cheated of the pleasure of reeking vengeance upon the Chief of the Dakotas!"

No one spoke. No one moved.

"Release the prisoners!" the Crow chief ordered suddenly. Then, as his men climbed over the fagots to follow his instructions, he walked forward, stopping only a few feet from Bear Claw.

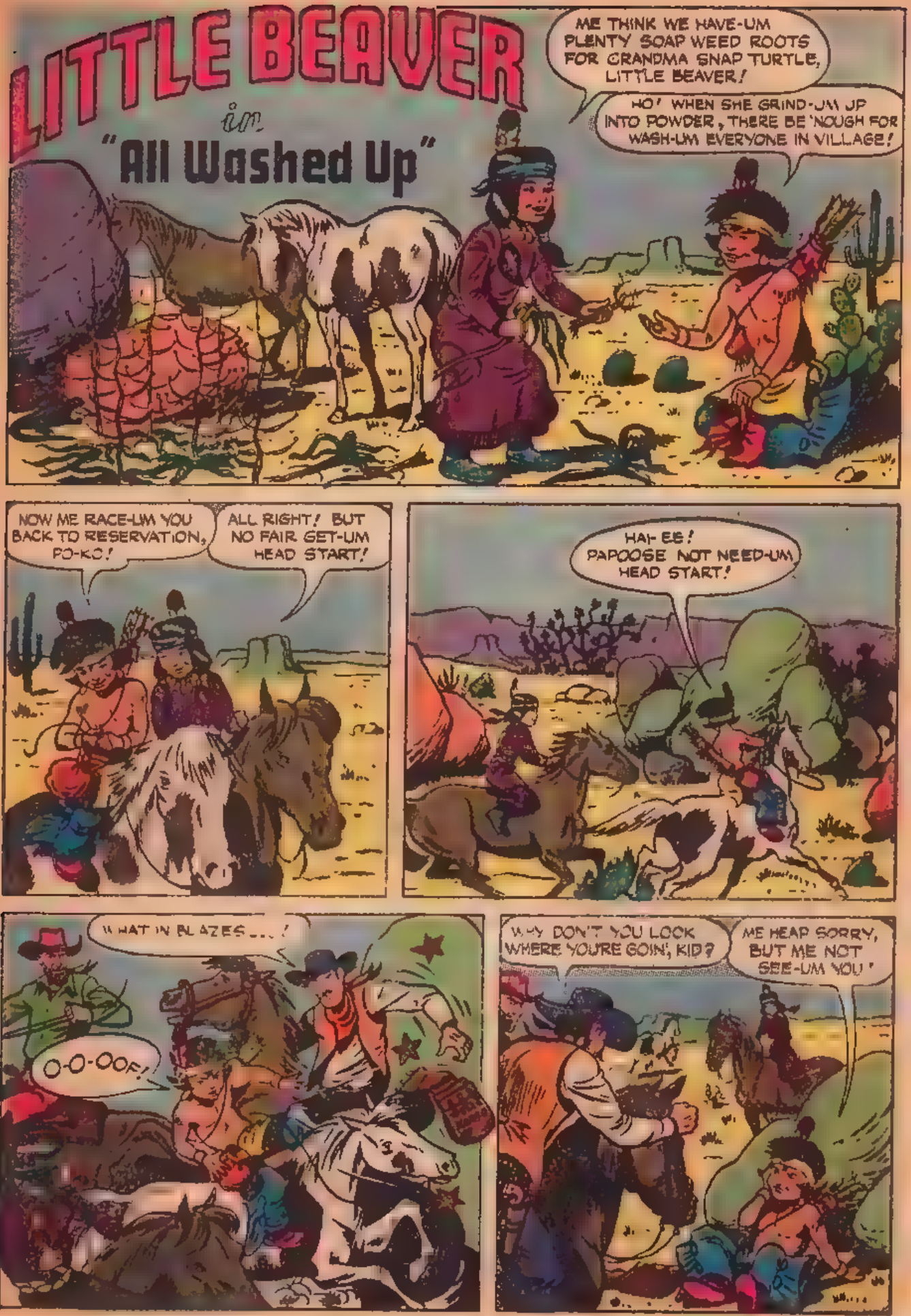
"My father," the Crow chief said, "was killed by the Dakotas. My two brothers were killed by the Dakotas. I have cause to hate the Dakotas for the rest of my days!

"But," he added, "I respect bravery, whether it be that of a Crow or a Dakota, a bear or a rabbit, a boy or an old man!"

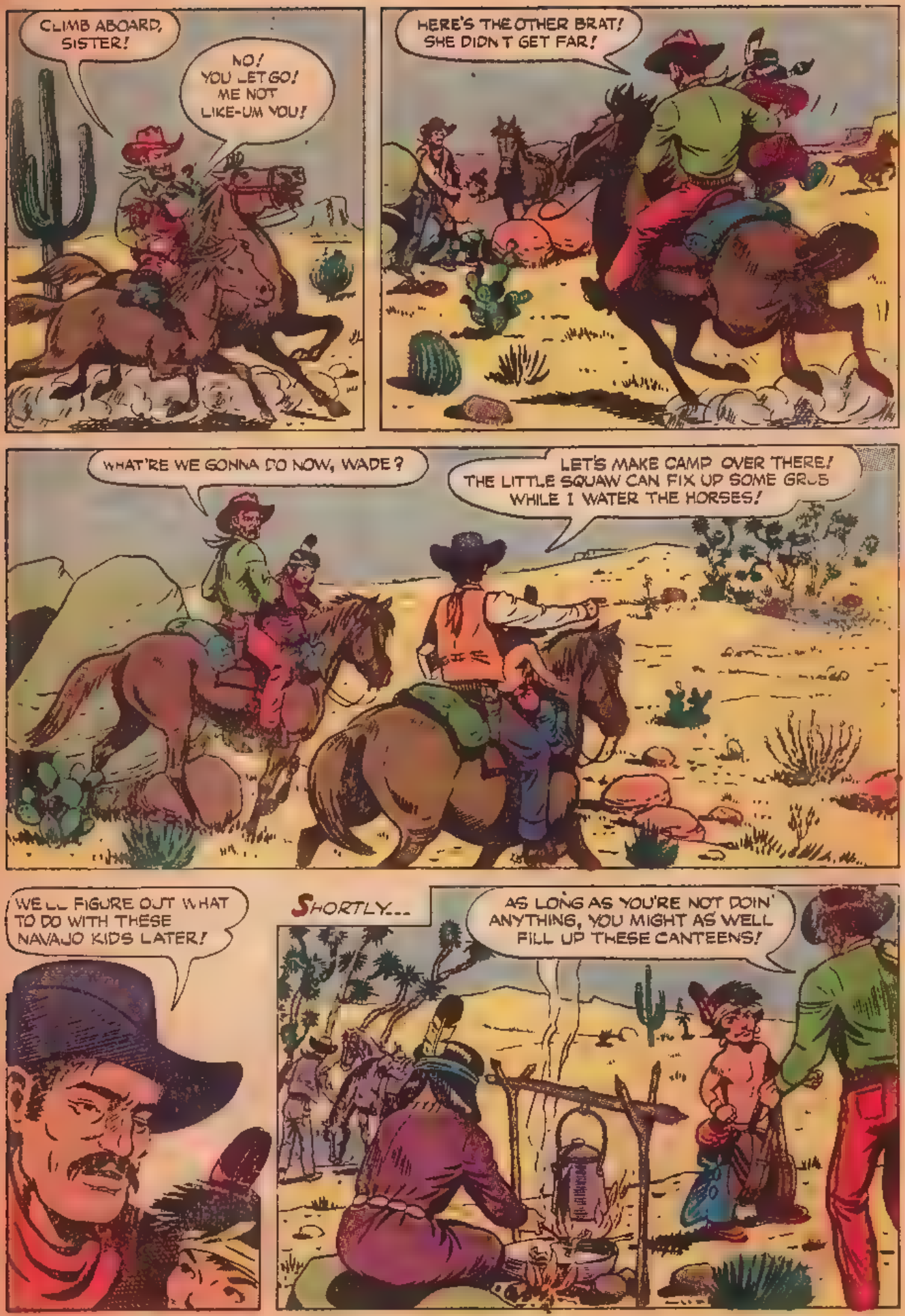
He turned to his people. "Chief Bear Claw will be released, too, along with his wife and their son's son! They shall all be returned to Dakota territory without harm!"

Some of the younger Crows started to protest. The older warriors, possessed of more understanding, silenced them quickly.

"Chief Bear Claw's freedom," the Crow chief concluded, "is a cheap price to pay for the lesson we have learned here tonight—bravery is not a matter of age, but of heart!"


LITTLE BEAVER
in
"All Washed Up"
ME THINK WE HAVE-UM PLENTY SOAP WEED ROOTS FOR GRANDMA SNAP TURTLE, LITTLE BEAVER!
HO! WHEN SHE GRIND-UM UP INTO POWDER, THERE BE 'NOUGH FOR WASH-UM EVERYONE IN VILLAGE!
NOW ME RACE-UM YOU BACK TO RESERVATION, PO-KO!
ALL RIGHT! BUT NO FAIR GET-UM HEAD START!
HAI-EE! PAPOOSE NOT NEED-UM HEAD START!
WHAT IN BLAZES...!
O-O-OOF!
WHY DON'T YOU LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOIN', KID?
ME HEAP SORRY, BUT ME NOT SEE-UM YOU!

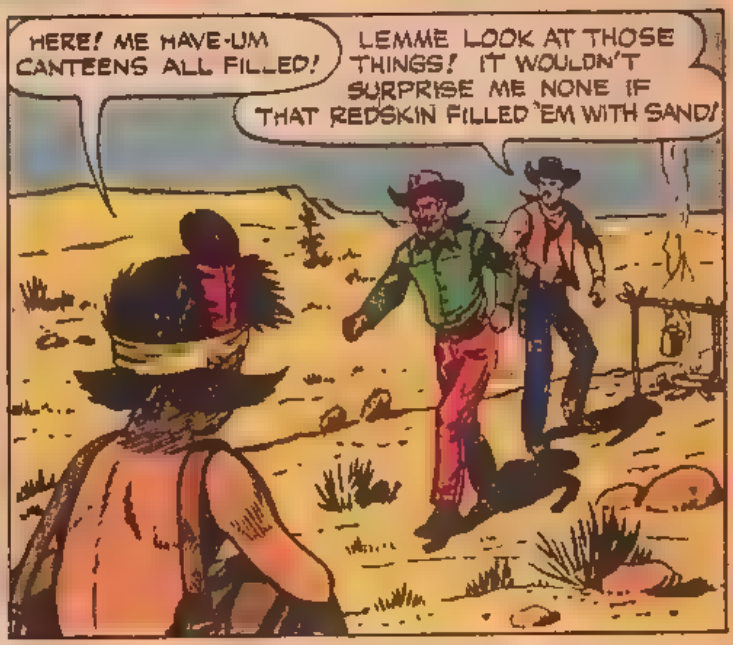
HERE! ME PICK-UM UP SADDLEBAG!
KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF THAT!
WHY, YOU BLASTED LITTLE REDSKIN!
HUH!
LOOK! THAT BE-UM WELLS FARGO SADDLEBAG!
UGH! ME THINK THIS NOT BE GOOD PLACE FOR LITTLE INJUNS!
HOLD IT, KID! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE HEADED?
LET-UM LOOSE! ME NOT HURT ANYBODY!
LET-UM GO!
I'M GOIN' AFTER THAT OTHER KID, WADE!
OH-AH! CALICO TOO TIRED FROM BIG RACE! WE GET-UM CAUGHT FOR SURE!

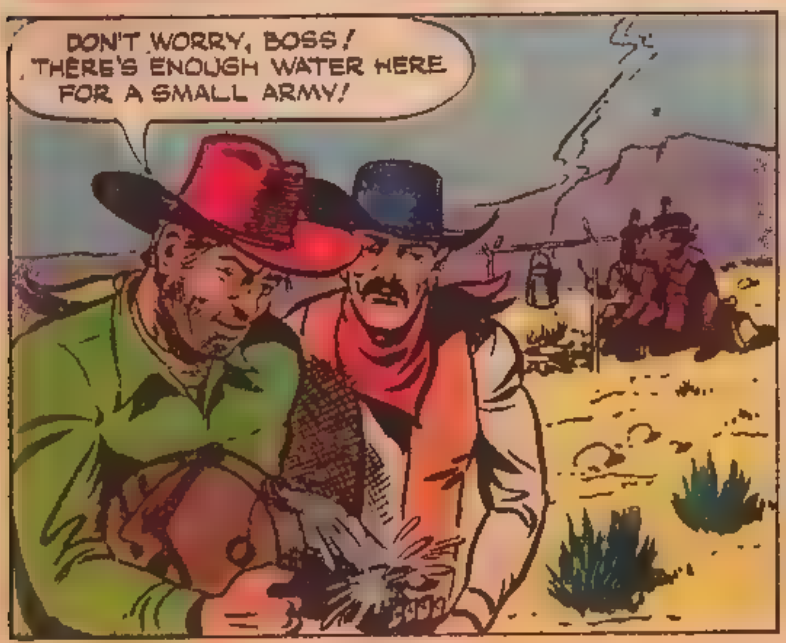

CLIMB ABOARD, SISTER!
NO! YOU LET GO! ME NOT LIKE-UM YOU!
HERE'S THE OTHER BRAT! SHE DIDN'T GET FAR!
WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO NOW, WADE?
LET'S MAKE CAMP OVER THERE! THE LITTLE SQUAW CAN FIX UP SOME GRUB WHILE I WATER THE HORSES!
WE'LL FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO WITH THESE NAVAJO KIDS LATER!
SHORTLY...
AS LONG AS YOU'RE NOT DOIN' ANYTHING, YOU MIGHT AS WELL FILL UP THESE CANTEENS!

AN' DON'T TRY GETTIN' AWAY, UNLESS YOU FIGURE YOU CAN OUTRUN A BULLET!

THE HORSES ARE ALL SET, FRANK! AS SOON AS WE FINISH EATIN', WE'RE READY TO SHOVE OFF!

MAYBE WE BETTER WAIT TILL SUNDOWN! THAT DESERT'S LIKE AN OVEN DURING THE DAYTIME!
YEAH! I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT!


HERE! ME HAVE-UM CANTEENS ALL FILLED!
LEMME LOOK AT THOSE THINGS! IT WOULDN'T SURPRISE ME NONE IF THAT REDSKIN FILLED 'EM WITH SAND!

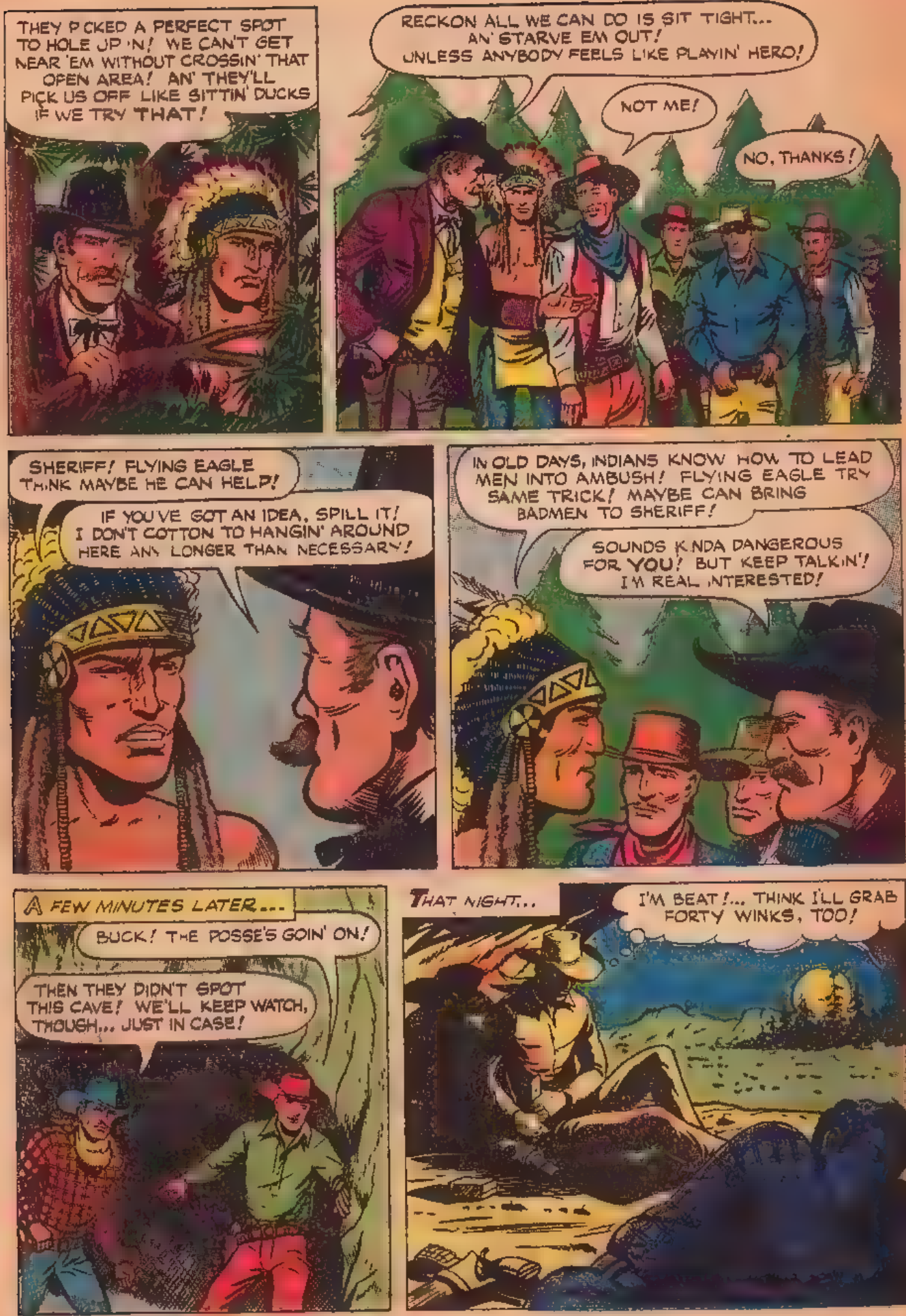

DON'T WORRY, BOSS! THERE'S ENOUGH WATER HERE FOR A SMALL army!

WE BETTER DO SOMETHING HEAP FAST, LITTLE BEAVER!
UGH! ME ALREADY HAVE-UM PLAN, PO-KO!

HEY! WHAT'RE YOU TWO GABBIN' ABOUT!
WHEN OUTLAWS COME CLOSE ENOUGH, WE... BZZZ... BZZZ...
I TOLD YOU KIDS TO SHUT UP— NOW I'M GONNA DO SOMETHIN ABOUT IT!
GET-UM READY, PO-KO!
ME ALL SET!
WHA—!
YEOW!
HURRY, PO-KO! MAKE-UM GETAWAY!
COME BACK HERE, YOU FEATHERED VARMINT!
IT'S TOO LATE TO CATCH THE LITTLE SQUAW, BOSS!
AN' THAT MEANS WE CAN'T WAIT FOR NIGHTFALL! WE GOTTA GET MOVIN' NOW!
THERE! THIS'LL HOLD HIM TILL THE COYOTES COME LOOKIN' FOR SUPPER!
HURRY UP, FRANK! WE'RE WASTIN' TIME!

LATER...
WE COME FAST AS WE CAN, LITTLE BEAVER! BUT OUTLAWS ALREADY GET-UM AWAY!
WITH MORE'N AN HOUR'S START, WE'LL NEVER CATCH 'EM IN THAT DESERT, NEWT!
YOU FOLLOW ME, SHERIFF NEWT! TRACKS BE HEAP EASY TO FOLLOW AND ME THINK BADMEN NOT GO-UM FAR!
SOON...
HO! THERE BE MEN WE LOOK-UM FOR!
HELP! WE'RE DYIN' OF THIRST!
WATER! GIMME WATER!
WELL, I'LL BE DURNED! THIS WATER OF THEIRS LOOKS LIKE IT CAME OUT OF A WASHTUB!
THAT RIGHT! ME PUT-UM PIECES OF SOAP WEED ROOT IN CANTEENS!
OUTLAWS' HORSE SHAKE UP INTO HEAP SUDS!
WELL, THAT'S A NEW ONE ON ME, LITTLE BEAVER!
HO! SHERIFF NEWT FIND OUT SOAP WEED BE GOOD FOR SOMETHING ELSE BESIDES WASH-UM CLOTHES!
OUTLAWS FIND-UM OUT, TOO, PO-KO! NOW THEY BE ALL WASHED UP FOR GOOD!

INDIAN TRICK
WHAT FLYING EAGLE SEES CAN MEAN ONLY ONE THING! POSSE CHASE BADMEN!
BANG!
SHERIFF MAYHEW GOOD FRIEND! FLYING EAGLE WATCH! SEE WHERE BADMEN GO!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
THEY'RE PULLIN' UP, BUCK! LOOKS LIKE THEY LOST OUR TRAIL!
I TOLD YOU THAT ROCKY STRETCH WOULD COVER IT! WE'LL BE SAFE HERE!... AND WE'VE GOT PLENTY OF SUPPLIES!
I KNEW THIS CAVE WOULD COME IN HANDY! THAT'S WHY I STOCKED IT A WHILE BACK!
LUCKY FOR US YOU DID!
FLYING EAGLE! DID YOU SEE TWO MEN RIDING THIS WAY?
YES! THEY GO INSIDE CAVE IN CLIFF OVER THERE!
MEANWHILE...


THEY PICKED A PERFECT SPOT TO HOLE UP IN! WE CAN'T GET NEAR 'EM WITHOUT CROSSIN' THAT OPEN AREA! AN' THEY'LL PICK US OFF LIKE SITTIN' DUCKS IF WE TRY THAT!
RECKON ALL WE CAN DO IS SIT TIGHT... AN' STARVE EM OUT! UNLESS ANYBODY FEELS LIKE PLAYIN' HERO!
NOT ME!
NO, THANKS!
SHERIFF! FLYING EAGLE THINK MAYBE HE CAN HELP!
IF YOU'VE GOT AN IDEA, SPILL IT! I DON'T COTTON TO HANGIN' AROUND HERE ANY LONGER THAN NECESSARY!
IN OLD DAYS, INDIANS KNOW HOW TO LEAD MEN INTO AMBUSH! FLYING EAGLE TRY SAME TRICK! MAYBE CAN BRING BADMEN TO SHERIFF!
SOUNDS KINDA DANGEROUS FOR YOU! BUT KEEP TALKIN'! I'M REAL INTERESTED!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
BUCK! THE POSSE'S GOIN' ON!
THEN THEY DIDN'T SPOT THIS CAVE! WE'LL KEEP WATCH, THOUGH... JUST IN CASE!
THAT NIGHT...
I'M BEAT!... THINK I'LL GRAB FORTY WINKS, TOO!

As squint dozes...
The young Indian slips noiselessly into the cave...
By glory! Flying Eagle made it inside without wakin' 'em!... Now if he can only draw 'em out of there!
Stealthily, Flying Eagle moves about the cave...
Picks up a box of ammunition...
Then deliberately makes a noise...
What in blazes??
CLINK!
Squint! What's up?
A thievin' injun! He swiped a box of bullets!

BUCK! WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO?
CATCH HIM! AN' GET BACK THOSE BULLETS! WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE ANY!
BUT THE POSSE?
THEY'RE MILES FROM HERE BY NOW! COME ON!
THERE HE GOES!
BANG! BANG!
HOLD IT, LARSON! THE JIG'S UP!
THE SHERIFF!
AN' THE POSSE!
GOSH, FLYING EAGLE! THOSE BIRDS FIRED POINT BLANK AT YOU! YOU TOOK AN AWFUL CHANCE!
NO! NO CHANCE!
NO LEAD!... Y'SEE, I GAVE FLYING EAGLE SOME BLANKS! HE GOT THEM INTO THE CROOKS' GUNS BEFORE HE TRICKED 'EM OUT O' THE CAVE!

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

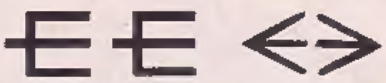
WILDLIFE TRACKS IN INDIAN DESIGN FORMS

BUFFALO TRACK

DEER TRACK

ELK TRACK

BIRD TRACK HEAD BAND



BIRD TRACKS

CROW TRACKS

TURKEY

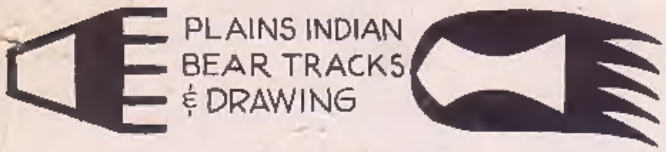
BIRD TRACK DESIGN

FLYING BIRD

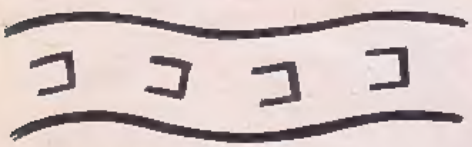
INDIAN TRACKING SKILL IS WELL KNOWN, AND IT IS ONLY NATURAL THAT DESIGNS ORIGINATING FROM ANIMAL TRACKS SHOULD BE EXHIBITED IN INDIAN ARTS. THE DESIGNS ON THIS PAGE ARE BUT A FEW OF THOSE USED TO DECORATE BLANKETS, HEADBANDS, TEPEES, LODGES, AND CLOTHES.

NAVAJO BEAR TRAIL

KIOWA BEAR TRACKS



PLAINS INDIAN BEAR TRACKS & DRAWING



TRAVOIS TRACK DESIGN

COYOTE TRAIL DESIGN

TESUQUE LIZARD DESIGN

TURTLE TRACKS

SNAKE TRACK DESIGN

CENTIPEDE TRACK DESIGN

BEAR TRACK DESIGN

LITTLE BEAVER
ME SEE- UM BIG SMOKE! WHAT BE WRONG?
NOTHING WRONG! ME WANT TO SEND-UM SMOKE SIGNALS TO INJUN FRIENDS!
THAT BE HOT ONE! LITTLE BEAVER NOT KNOW HOW!
ME SEE BIG BRAVES DO IT! ME KNOW HOW!
THAT GOOD! NOW ME GET-UM BLANKET
SEE? THIS BE WAY TO DO IT!
YOU GETTING MORE SMOKE IN EYES THAN IN SKIES!
NOW POKO EAT-UM WORDS!... SEE? ME ALREADY GET-UM ANSWER FROM INJUN FRIEND!
WHAT TRIBE THAT "INJUN" BELONG TO, LITTLE BEAVER?
!